

FROM THE NORTHWEST.

INDUSTRIAL GROWTH OF A NEW STATE.

Important Industries That Are Under Way—Marvellous Increase of Population—Homes and Mining—The Country in General.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.] When you travel over the Northern Pacific, with your trusty kodak in your hand, ready to make a center shot on the choicest bits of scenery, let us advise you to hold your ammunition until you reach the Clark's Fork River, unless you take a couple of snaps at the Flatheads who hang about the stations in the vicinity of the Rosebud Agency. No wonder the Government experienced trouble with such citizens. The artist who took a typical Flathead countenance as a study of "trouble" would be bound to overdo the subject, if he was faithful to his model. Their tents, however, are quite picturesque, and so, also, are the Indians, provided they are far enough away.

The valley in which the Rosebud Agency is located is very fertile and inviting, and home seekers and capitalists alike view it with envious eyes. Perhaps it is a peculiarity of Indian reservations to appear to the eyes of whites to be a little more desirable land than that which is equally fertile and well located, but which is open to the white settler and speculator. It is the forbidden which always appears more tempting.

When you have reached the shores of Clark's Fork you will be tempted to fire a perfect fusillade of snap shots; for every mile of the one hundred along which we follow this stream offers new and enticing scenes of beauties in marvelous and striking variety. Here the sportsman finds an abundance of the choicest victims. Almost every mountain brook that flows into the river is alive with "speckled beauties," hungry for the hook, and neither too shy nor too wise to help themselves freely, at the first opportunity, while loar, deer, and other large game are plentiful in the woods.

Lake Pend d'Oreille, in Western Idaho, is one of the most enchanting lakes in the West. Southwest of Lake Pend d'Oreille is Lake Coeur d'Alene, another beautiful mountain lake. This is the headwaters of the Spokane River.

The banks of this lake and river are thickly timbered with fir and cedar, and the cost of booming the logs down the Spokane River is from thirty to fifty cents per thousand. The great water power must make that city the site of some of the greatest lumber mills of the West, for the amount of timber on the Spokane River, Lake Coeur d'Alene and the St. Joseph, St. Mary and Coeur d'Alene Rivers, which flow into the lake, is almost beyond computation. Spokane already has various prosperous mills, one cutting 100,000 feet of lumber per day.

Spokane draws a large amount of wealth from adjacent mining districts, which are all within 200 miles distant. The Idaho districts which are tributary to Spokane are the Coeur d'Alene, southeast, the Pend d'Oreille, east, and the Metline, northeast. The Kootenai, across the line, in British Columbia, is also tapped by a Spokane railroad, and the districts in the State of Washington which are partially or wholly tributary to Spokane are the Okanogan and Colville, to the north and northwest. The supplies for these districts are mainly furnished by Spokane, which will derive a large additional source of profit from its surrounding minerals as soon as the magnificent smelting plant just built, some five miles out of the city, is in full operation. The capital stock is one million dollars. The amount of free



SILVER MINE AND CONCENTRATOR.

mining ores from mines in these districts, in 1890, was about three million dollars, while the amount of smelting ores produced that year from tributary districts is placed at 175,000 tons. Of this the Coeur d'Alene district produced 90,000 tons of ore, valued at \$6,021,000. The smelting charge on this amount of ore, at the average price, would be \$1,350,000.

Another city which is surrounded with abundant mineral resources is Ellensburg, the county seat of Kittitas County, and the metropolis of the Yakima Valley, situated in practically the geographical center of the State. In 1880 its population was 100; it now has nearly 5,000 inhabitants. Its latest triumph of enterprise is the region of the Ellensburg Blast Furnace No. 1. The buildings are already up, and the furnace is being built of fire-brick manufactured from native fire-clay by a plant erected on the site of the furnace. The clay from which they are made is superior to the famous Scotch fire-clay. The manufacture of these fire-bricks, which retail for \$40 per thousand, can scarcely fail to develop into an industry of considerable proportions; but it is to their iron, gold, and coal resources that the citizens of Ellensburg look with greatest expectation. Iron has proven the world over, and particularly in England, Pennsylvania, and Alabama, to be a most substantial basis upon which to build cities. There is no reason why it should fail to meet the expectation of the people of Ellensburg, for there are in Kittitas County, and in close proximity to Ellensburg, literally mountains of iron of a very high grade.

In the report of George A. Beathune, State Geologist, bearing date of 1891, we find the following official statement: "In Washington, to day, there are in process of development nearly twenty promising iron properties. These are situated in King, Skagit, Kittitas, Stevens, and Okanogan Counties, and I am pleased to say that the devel-

opment work on all of these deposits is being vigorously prosecuted. I have inspected many of these discoveries, procured samples from all visited, and have ascertained that each of the classes of iron I name above are to be found in our own State, and that of these classes the Washington ores are of superior excellence. In King, Kittitas and Okanogan Counties magnetites and hematites exist in great quantity, and the value of these varieties cannot be over estimated, as



HYDRAULIC MINING.

from them is made that quality of steel designated the Bessemer, and acknowledged the king of steels throughout the world. Our magnetites and hematites are peculiarly adapted to the manufacture of steel, because of the small quantity of phosphorus they carry and the high per cent. of metallic iron contained



A FLATHEAD INDIAN FAMILY.

in them. I look forward with supreme confidence to the time when Washington's Bessemer steel will be one of her principal manufactures, and to the time when steel works will be seen in operation throughout the great hematite and magnetite ore belt of the State.

"The fact that the railway development of the State has assumed really phenomenal proportions, and that iron highways are penetrating the very seat of these and deposits of other iron ores of the classes I have mentioned warrants the prophecy that within less than two decades the output of iron in this State will lead that of any other iron-producing division of the Pacific Slope."

The presence of large quantities of the red hematite ore greatly simplifies the process of reducing the other iron ores, because the introduction of a proper proportion of red hematite into a mass of the other ores causes the whole to reduce one-third quicker than if smelted without mixing. Alongside these iron mountains are immense deposits of high grade coking coal, and limestone of remarkable strength and purity, which makes the finest of fluxing lime.

The gold fields about Ellensburg are the famous Sank, Cle-Elum and Peschastin districts, in Kittitas County.

Concerning the first and second beds of the State Geologist reports: "This discovery was made in the spring of 1874 by Ben Goodwin, an old-time California miner, and a prospector who, in search of hidden treasures, had traversed the whole of Oregon and Idaho, and then came into Washington and what is now Kittitas County. Reaching the Swauk, I am told, Goodwin lost his bearings, and camping, proceeded to look about him. As a result of this the prospector found himself the discoverer of what today are the richest placer mines of Washington. Of fabulous richness were these placer mines, and as an evidence of their extent, I may say to this day they are being worked with rich results. Nuggets valued at as high as \$400 have as recently as the past season been extracted from these placers. And to old Ben Goodwin must be given the credit



PLACER MINING.

for having first found the State's richest seat of surface deposits of gold. "It was nearly three years after the discovery of the Swauk placers that C. P. Culver, a pioneer prospector, en route to the Columbia River and the South, found paying placer diggings on the banks of the Peschastin creek, a lively stream emptying itself into the Wenatche

chle River, which in turn terminates with a junction with the Columbia River. This creek is in what is now Kittitas County. Like the Swauk, the Peschastin placers proved fabulously rich, and were worked by hundreds of miners, thousands of dollars being extracted from them. Like the Swauk deposits, they seem to be inexhaustible, as at this writing they are being worked, and with splendid returns, by many miners. Of the last he says: "The more recent



HYDRAULIC MINING.

discoveries of placer diggings date from the year 1881, when the Cle-Elum placers were found. The Cle-Elum River is a small stream, having its source in the Cascade Mountains in Kittitas County, and emptying into the Yakima River near the prosperous little town of Cle-Elum. There was a rush of miners to the new found field. There is no possible method by which the output of the Cle-Elum placers can be even approximately estimated with anything like accuracy. I know the fact to be that the Cle-Elum placers are still being worked by a number of miners, and with substantial results."

There are extensive quartz mines in the Peschastin district, and the first stamp mill in Washington was erected and is now operated here. The Donahue mine in the Peschastin crushed its quartz in old-fashioned arrastres, at a loss of 80 per cent. of the metal, and then secured \$17,000 worth of gold last season. The annual output of the Swauk, Cle-Elum, and Peschastin districts is over \$100,000.

Parrot and Hawk.

The young quail's worst enemies are the hawks. Where they all come from, and how they live when the quail are big enough to keep out of the way, is one of the mysteries. At other seasons a hawk in the park is a rarity. Just now there are lots of them.

There is one hawk out there whose quail-killing days are over. His downfall was accomplished by the big red and green parrot that lives around in the trees near the Casino. Capt. Thompson saw the hawk swoop down into the brush when he was quite a distance off. Pretty soon there was the most extraordinary racket in the scruboak.

The parrot had the hawk's neck in his claws, and was driving away with his hook bill at the hawk's head. The hawk was willing enough to quit, but couldn't.

They flew up and down, first one on top and then the other. It was not a long fight. The hawk beat his adversary with his wings, and even got his talons and beak to work, but the red and green bird was too big and strong for him, and would not release his grip a moment. Before the people got very near the hawk quit fighting.

The parrot had apparently sunk his talons through the hawk's neck, and that is probably the reason they did not separate. When the hawk got quiet the parrot managed to disengage himself and flew up into a tree, where he remained scolding and straightening his feathers. He was pretty badly scratched up and one of his eyes seemed to be gone, but he had killed the hawk. —San Francisco Examiner.

Silkworms at the Fair.

Chief Buchanan is in correspondence with the "Silkworm producers of the country. He has written to all the State boards of agriculture for the addresses of the people who have received silkworm eggs from the Government. This industry in the United States is scattered through thirty-three States. The cocoon crop of the country in 1889 amounted to 18,745 pounds. This was purchased at Washington, Philadelphia, and Peabody, Kan. It is a notable fact that 2,780 pounds, or about one-eighth of the entire product, was produced in Marion County, Kansas. Of course, the silkworm exhibit at the exposition will include exhibits from foreign countries, but the American exhibit promises to be very interesting. N. R. Sessions, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, writes to Chief Buchanan that the Nonotuck Silk Company of Florence will make a silk exhibit, from the egg to the finished product.

Carlyle's Bluntness.

Thomas Carlyle was once bidding "Good-day" to a very conceited young man who had favored him with a long sermon on things in general; he went politely to the door and then said: "Well, Mr. Bland, I've received you for the sake of your father. Now, goodbye, and I earnestly hope I'll never see you again!" On another occasion Carlyle looked in a passionless way at the visitor who had been holding forth for ever so long and said: "Maz, but you're a pair creature!"

The oldest traveling passenger agent in the land is Capt. May, who has been retired by the Pennsylvania Railroad on half pay for the remainder of his days. He is a white-haired man of seventy, six feet tall, straight and strong.

Ham drinkers have no antipathy to the whisky trust. It is the whisky "no trust" they want abolished.

HISTORY IS FALSE.

AT LEAST IN REGARD TO ROBT. MORRIS.

The Patriot Who Sacrificed His Wealth and Ambition to Save His Country—He Did Not Die in a Debtor's Prison—Millions of Dollars Are Due His Heirs.

History is likely to suffer from a most important contradiction, and active measures are now being taken to prove that statements which have come down from generation to generation, and which have been copied into every cyclopaedia, are wrong in a very important historical respect. The statement which is now in a way to be proved incorrect, is not absolutely false in every particular, it is that Robert Morris, the Revolutionary patriot and financier, died in a debtor's prison, and lies buried in Christ Churchyard, Philadelphia.

"More than once," history goes on to state, "Robert Morris rescued Congress from a seemingly fatal crisis by borrowing money on his own name and that of his firm. The \$1,500,000, which enabled Washington to carry out his last campaign against Cornwallis, was raised by his exertions and on his own notes. From 1781 to 1784 Robert Morris was Superintendent of Finance, and was vested with complete control over the monetary affairs of the country. Here again he several times used his reputation as a man of great wealth to rescue the Treasury from embarrassment."

Four years ago, a law was passed by Congress to reimburse the heirs of Robert Morris the \$1,500,000 which was due him, with interest, now amounting to in the neighborhood of \$8,000,000.

The heirs have been active in consequence, and some interesting discoveries have been made in the tracing of relationship, among the facts which are established beyond controversy being that he was born in England in 1734, but he did not die, as related by history, in a debtor's prison in Philadelphia, but on a small farm in the neighborhood of Farmingdale, N. J., in 1826, twenty years later than recorded in history. During his last years Mrs. Mary Hurley, of life he was in a debt and devotedly nursed by a granddaughter named Mary Hurley, now living with her own granddaughter at Toms River, N. J. Robert Morris had three children, Samuel, James and Joseph—Samuel residing until his death in the vicinity of Farmingdale, James going to Kenton, Ohio, and Joseph to Paris unknown. The three nearest relatives to the historic Robert are three living granddaughters, Mrs. Hurley, mentioned above, and residing at Toms River, N. J., age 92 years; Mrs. Content Sutphen, living at Colt Neck, five miles from Freehold, N. J.; and Mrs. Adaline Woolley, age 74 years, living at Long Branch, N. J.

The fact that Robert Morris' grave cannot be found in Christ Church, Philadelphia, and that there have never been any heirs coming forward to claim him would all go to favor the theory that some one in prison permitted him to escape, and thus allowed him to live in seclusion at Farmingdale. This is enough to account for the family ignorance and the great discrepancy in historical accounts of his death.

Dr. Daniel Morris Woolley, of Brooklyn, was discovered, in the search for authentic information on the subject of the career of Robert Morris, to be a great-grandson of the revolutionary patriot, and he gave all the information at his disposal, although at first reluctant to do so, as he felt, he said, that his family would not care to be prominent in the matter. He said:

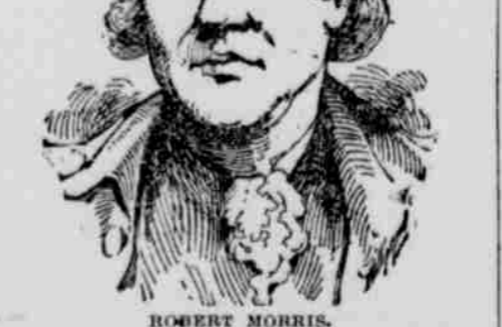
"When I take into consideration that Robert Morris was born in the same year as that recorded in history; that the granddaughter has the Bible, from which I made a comparison of the signature on the original Declaration of Independence and found them unmistakably similar in every particular; that an impress has been taken upon oil paper and shown to the cashier of a national bank in Long Branch, who said

bay proper is twice as large as New York bay, and there are smaller bays stretching along the coast on each side. The town struggles in irregularly built terraces up a precipitous red cliff, dotted with hanging gardens. It is the seat of the Archbishop, and has even more churches than Fernambuco, all having a strong family likeness. As at all the Brazilian ports, there are no docks at Bahia, and one has to land in boats. The wharf, which is dotted with rather rickety old kiosks, built in imitation of those along the boulevards of Paris, is used as a fish and fruit market. The market-women make wonderfully picturesque groups, with their gaudy turbans, their white embroidered chemises, necklaces of bright-colored beads, and fingers covered with rings. The men smoke cigarettes incessantly; the women, briar-wood pipes.

A Clown Goat. Richmond, Me., is the home of a clown goat which is a source of amusement all along the Kennebec. He is a pet among the steamboat men and a regular visitor at the wharf when steamers arrive or depart. One day last week Billy's owner missed him, but two days afterward, when the steamer Kennebec arrived, the goat walked calmly down the gangplank, dressed in a pair of old trousers, a swallow-tail coat, and a stovepipe hat. He had been to Boston with his friends, the dock-hands, and came home with an increased dignity of bearing naturally consequent upon a visit to that learned town. When a lady in the waiting-room petted him the goat whipped her veil from her face and swallowed it in a twinkling. Then he went home in his new togs, which he has probably since eaten.

In Germany experiments have recently been made with small locomotives for towing boats on canals. Instead, however, of attaching the rope to the locomotive it is attached to a heavy towing car, which is drawn by the locomotive. The plan is said to be satisfactory.

It is stated that the railroads of the United States lose \$2,000,000 yearly from landslides, \$5,000,000 by floods, \$1,000,000 by fire, and \$9,000,000 by collisions.



ROBERT MORRIS.

Mrs. Adaline Woolley, the youngest granddaughter of Robert Morris, was born at Farmingdale, Monmouth County, N. J., on Feb. 16, 1816. She is 74 years

of age and a remarkably intelligent and active woman. She was 10 years old at the death of her grandfather and remembers him distinctly.

Samuel Morris, the grandson of Robert Morris, was born in Farmingdale, N. J., Sept. 15, 1807. At the age of 23 he married his first wife, Rhoda A. Van Meter, and raised a family of ten children, six of whom survive the father.

The wife died about twenty-six years ago. Five years after the death of the first wife he was united in marriage to Mrs. Hannah Lincoln, of Plano, Ill., where he resided until his death, May 2, 1889. For nearly twenty years he resided in Plano, and acquired considerable wealth. In his mature years he was active, kind and highly respected by all who enjoyed his acquaintance.

His surviving children are Charles M. Morris, now a thrifty merchant of Plano, Ill., Cyrus H. Morris and John D.

Mrs. Dr. David Cook.



MRS. DR. DAVID COOK.

Morris, Mrs. Dr. Cook, Mrs. O. S. Ellithorpe and Mrs. Robert White, of Lake City. Samuel Morris had several brothers, all of whom attained prominence.

As stated, enough is known to absolutely establish the fact that Robert Morris did not die in a debtor's or any other kind of a prison, but on a farm, his own purchase, or purchased by friends, in Farmingdale, Monmouth County, N. J.

THE CITY OF BAHIA.

The second largest place in Brazil—Picturesque Market-Women.

Bahia, or San Salvador, is the second largest town in Brazil. It is on the Atlantic coast, and exports more sugar than all the rest of Brazil. The



BAHIA MARKET-WOMAN.

bay proper is twice as large as New York bay, and there are smaller bays stretching along the coast on each side. The town struggles in irregularly built terraces up a precipitous red cliff, dotted with hanging gardens. It is the seat of the Archbishop, and has even more churches than Fernambuco, all having a strong family likeness. As at all the Brazilian ports, there are no docks at Bahia, and one has to land in boats. The wharf, which is dotted with rather rickety old kiosks, built in imitation of those along the boulevards of Paris, is used as a fish and fruit market. The market-women make wonderfully picturesque groups, with their gaudy turbans, their white embroidered chemises, necklaces of bright-colored beads, and fingers covered with rings. The men smoke cigarettes incessantly; the women, briar-wood pipes.

A Special Review.

Mr. Friendly—Parson Lumber, you are complaining of dull times at your church; don't you think a revival would help things?

Parson L.—Ve'y much, Jedge! Hit'd rimerdy de case in a jiffy, pervided, sah, hit'd de right sorter revivum. De kin' dat church wants an revivum de dekschecker, an' how she gwine to git it while de shinin' lights er de sin-ergogue an' wastin' deir substance at de waterin' places? Tell yo' what it are, genterman, of de keeps on in dis seasons way, hit'won't be no waterin' place dey'll lan'y wid in de nater world, deed it won't.

Matrimonial Red Taps. "Florry, dear," faltered the Washington youth, "I-I couldn't summon courage to tell you what was in my heart, and I wrote it. You got my letter, didn't you?"

"Yes, George, I got it." "And you read it, didn't you?" "Yes, I read it. In fact, I-I read it over twice."

"And now, Florry," he said, growing bolder, "I have come to learn my fate."

"The best I can promise you, George," said the blushing daughter of the distinguished Congressman, withdrawing her hand from the ardent clasp of the infatuated young man, "is that I will advance your letter to a third reading to-morrow."—Hartford Courant.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Joke-lets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable.

The Reason of It. Quenter—I wonder why it is that a man is heavier when he is in liquor than when he is sober?

Jester—That is easily explained. It's because he's "half shot."

Acquitting Providence. Quenter—You know Shrimper, don't you? That chap that's made himself so conspicuous in town affairs of late.

Jester—Oh, yes. Very well, indeed. Quenter—He claims to be a self-made man.

Jester—Good! I'm glad to be able, on his own testimony, to relieve Providence of the odium of having made such a mistake.

Not II Fast. Emersonia Dorchester—Olivia Holmes is not the recherche girl I thought she was.

Russellina Waldo—What has occurred?

Emersonia Dorchester—I noticed today she was wearing her winter spectacles.—Jeweler's Circular.

Such a Trifle. Wooden—Mamie, if you will not marry me, I shall certainly lose my mind.

Mamie—Well, I don't believe it would be noticed.

He Remembered. Wife—Do you remember, Henry, what the sermon was about this morning?

Husband—I should say so. It was about forty minutes too long.

Hardly a Hint. Mrs. Fry—Does bathing suit you, Miss Dazzler?

Miss Dazzler—I think so, but ma says there's hardly enough of it to call it a suit.

An Economical Dandy. Gabe Snodgrass recently applied to the Reverend Whangdoodle Baxter, of the Austin Blue Light Tabernacle, for some pecuniary assistance.

"I jess can't do hit," replied Parson Baxter; "I has to sport my pore ole mudder."

"But your pore ole mudder says yer don't do nuffin for her."

"Well, den, ef I don't do nuffin for my pore ole mudder, what's de use ob an outsider like you tryin' to make me shell out?"—Texas Siftings.

"You Write Illegibly, Sir." A Yale student recently handed in a paper to his professor and was surprised to have it returned with a note scrawled on the margin. He studied it diligently, but was unable to decipher the note, and so he brought his paper back to the professor. "I can't quite make out what this is, if you please," said the student. "That, sir," said the professor "why, that says: 'I cannot read your handwriting. You write illegibly, sir.'—Springfield Republican.

Didn't Meet Them. Mrs. Hayseed—"Did ye see any o' them sharpers in the city?" Mr. Hayseed—"Not a one, Miranda, not a one. But I met some old friends I never expected to see again. Do ye remember old Mr. Biggerop? Well, I met a son of his. Thought both those boys was dead an' lyin' out there in the cemetery; but this one said he was snatched by grave robbers, and just as they was sellin' his body to a medical college he came to. Good enough for a book, Miranda, good enough for a book, and I told him he ought to write it, and he said he would, and he'd dedicate the book to me as his father's old friend. There's one queer thing, Miranda. This man's hair is black, while the Biggerop boys had red hair, but he said it turned black from fright. He's way up in society, Miranda, and introduced me to young men named Vanderbilt, and Astor, and Gould, and Drexel, and ever so many more. I tell you, Miranda, these young fellers spend money! Some bills for cigars and things came in while we was talking, hundreds o' dollars worth, an' they whipped out the cash like a breeze. One of 'em happened to run short, and so I lent him all I had, but he said he'd send it by express to-morrow. I tell you what, Miranda, a smart man like me is just as safe in the city as in the country."

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It is again asserted that the Canadian Pacific Railroad has about completed arrangements for a Chicago terminal point.